

"THE" ALLEN'S AGAIN OPEN.

Police Refuse to Close His Bleeker Street Pool-Room.

HAS TOO STRONG A "PULL."

Bettors Robbed, Their Wagers Being Taken After Races Have Been Run.

THIEVES' AND TOUTS' RESORT.

Business Transacted Now in the Room Formerly Used by Allen's Women Patrons.

"The" Allen is still conducting a pool-room at 146 Bleeker street. This is the same establishment that was visited by an "Evening World" reporter last Monday, and of which a complete exposure was made one week ago. And it was this place which was shut down that same afternoon upon receipt of a mysterious message by Proprietor Allen.

At the time the matter was called to Capt. Eakin's attention, and a conference followed with Supt. Byrne.

When "The" Allen, a week ago Saturday, proclaimed from the top step of the front stoop at 146 Bleeker street that he would defy all efforts to close his place, and that he enjoyed police protection of the most powerful sort, he seems to have known just what he was talking about.

Capt. Eakin went on his vacation on July 15, two days after "The" Allen received the "tip" that caused him to hastily order the pool-room closed. The Captain will return on July 29. In the mean time, Sgt. Lamey is in charge of the precinct, presumably with the mandate of his senior officer nestling closely about his shoulders. But "The" Allen's "pull" evidently knows no vacation.

In fact, the Allen establishment was yesterday doing more business than before, owing to the opening of the race season at Saratoga. This, combined with the bets taken on Brighton and Chicago races, made the place look more brisk, and certainly poured more shekels into the ever-open pockets of the man with a "pull."

Closed Two Days.

For two days after "The Evening World's" exposure no business was done at 146 Bleeker street. Then it was quietly resumed at the old stand, guardedly at first, until, growing bolder day by day, it has assumed proportions presumably commensurate with those of the "pull" which makes it a possibility. So far as its relations with patrons are concerned, it is no nearer being "on the level" than formerly. Nothing like track odds are given, and the usual absence of compunction about taking a losing bet after a race has been won is still conspicuous.

"The" Allen has simply resorted to an old expedient, practiced by dive-keepers for years. The main pool-room of his house has been moved upstairs, one floor higher, and is, on the whole, better suited, though less roomy, than the back parlor which was formerly used. There is also more likelihood of patrons remaining longer in the new apartment, because the sidewalk is further away. Again, there is less probability of the house being raided by a party of low-shady transactions, being led to the street, as in the case which led to the holding proclamation mentioned in "The Evening World" of last Tuesday.

Formerly the Women's Room.

The second floor room now used by Allen was once a bachelorette of the house in the days when Bleeker street houses were less worn out by the heels than now. It is about 20 by 17 feet, without a profit from the room.

Facing Bleeker street are two windows, the blinds of which are drawn, and panes in the casings being hidden by cheap lace curtains.

Access is gained by but one of the front doors, the pool-room being at the rear of the house. A door communicates with a rear room, but is kept closed by a plain door fastened against it. Another table of similar make stands near the center of the room, and a dozen chairs are ranged about the walls and near the tables. It is this room in which "The" Allen's women patrons formerly paid their tribute.

Same Old Place.

On the ground floor is the same "fakel" real estate, insurance and patent office, with Allen, posing as proprietor, seated at the little desk between the windows. A picket guards the door and directs those who revisit the place for the first time since the change to the upper floor. At the top of the first landing is a little rear room, in which the tea-tray and the instruments are located. A short flight of steps leads to the second floor.

The rear room is bare of furniture or ornament except that already mentioned. The door leading from the rear room is closed in the latter category, for it is never opened, getting information to be sent to his own pool-room, as formerly. A front hall room is used as an office. One door opens into it from the hall, and through this pane only the trusted messengers and Allen himself, inside are a cashier and a sheet writer.

The door leading from this room into the pool-room proper is kept locked, business being carried on through a pigeon-hole, nearly closed by a curtain. Beside this hole sits "John," who was at the same post downstairs.

Simple Robbery.

"Here's your second betting at Saratoga," cries a voice from the hall room. "Come on, now, for this race. I'm going to close it up in a minute."

"John" repeats this to the upper floor, and the delinquents surrounding the Saratoga "percentage" and pooled for the match hastily snatch blank slips from the convenient hooks and present them at the hole with the bet and their initials recorded. As they are received the sheet writer copies them as called off. Once in a while they are called off wrong, and "The" Allen, yesterday a losing bet, was taken on the fifth race at Saratoga, and it was not ten seconds afterwards that the result of the race was announced.

Afraid to Protest.

The young fellow who made the bet looked dazed for a moment. Then he realized that he had been swindled, looked angry, and glared around belligerently. His eye met only the fierce glare

of those of the ruffianly henchmen, so he concluded to pocket the experience at its cost.

Odds are posted on three cards in this room, including those on races at Brighton, Saratoga and Chicago. To get these odds, the inmates and the first and second betting, complete information is carried from the tracks direct to the pool-room. To how much advantage information of this kind is used, it is hard to tell, but it is shown in the instance mentioned above.

"You think 'The' Allen would close up?" queried a tout, who noticed a man who had evidently just heard that the place was still doing business. "He don't close up for any one, see? If I had his pull, I'd be ready to make back on the curtains with a blackboard, didn't I? They can't shut him down, see? When he got the tip he just made a bluff, but he never let it worry him a little bit."

Touts and Thieves.

In the crowd yesterday were quite a number of well-dressed young fellows, who were placing small sums on Saratoga and Brighton races. Most of these seem to have been touts and thieves, who were in town of late at the Bleeker street pool-room. There were also a number of touts and thieves, who were in town of late at the Bleeker street pool-room. There were also a number of touts and thieves, who were in town of late at the Bleeker street pool-room.

Police "Dead to the World."

After securing sufficient evidence, the Evening World's reporter went around to the Mercer street station-house, four blocks away. Capt. Eakin, as already stated, is on vacation, and Sgt. Lamey is in charge of the precinct. He was not in and did not return within two hours. He was "around in the precinct, somewhere," the caller was told.

The sergeant at the desk looked and acted like a man about to fall in a fit, so great was his astonishment when he was informed that Allen was still running his pool-room. Had he been surprised could not have been greater, despite the fact that Allen might still be seen from the street seated in his "real estate" office, and that the same burly doorkeeper is at his stand in the hallway.

Even the fact that "The Evening World" reporter had just left the place after securing evidence of its character failed to promote activity.

But "The" Allen has a "pull."

PUNCHED THE CONDUCTOR.

Madigan Held in \$300 for Trial, Charged with Assault.

William Healey, of 24 East Ninety-sixth street, a conductor on a Third Avenue cable car, was complainant in the Tombs Police Court this morning against Michael Madigan, twenty-three years old, an expressman, of 34 Madison street, whom he charged with assault.

Madigan was a passenger on an uptown car last night, and when the car reached the Bridge he got into an altercation with Healey over his fare. He closed the argument by punching Healey in the eye.

Madigan was held in \$300 bail for trial by Justice Ryan.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

PEODLER'S ALLIES ARRESTED.

Tower and Wife Interfered with Fruit Inspector Fox.

The Offender He Wanted to Arrest Got Away.

Mrs. Libbie Tower, of Staten Island, and her husband, Abe, were arraigned in Essex Market Court today for interfering with the arrest of a banana vendor by Fruit Inspector Fox, of the Health Department.

Fox smelted the banana cart from afar, and following up his nose, located the decayed fruit at the corner of Division and Orchard streets. Fox had been making more than usually strenuous efforts to detect violations of the Wholesale-Food law ever since the Board of Health's pronouncement, declaring extraordinary danger to lurk in festering fruits, fish and other decaying gastronomic wares sold on the streets.

Consequently he was glad to watch one of the violators at work, and about to place his man under arrest when Mrs. Tower bade him hold back and not dare touch the "offensive" banana.

Fox vainly tried to explain matters. Mrs. Tower would be satisfied with Fox's word, and she would not let him touch the banana. Fox thereupon called Policeman McCormack to his assistance. Mrs. Tower caught hold of the policeman's arm, and when the latter shook himself free he necessarily used some violence.

Mrs. Tower began to shriek, and her husband took a hand in it and clinched with Fox, who was beginning to make off with his peddle.

The result was a pell-mell fight in which the four contestants came out with varying fortunes until the officers succeeded in landing them high and dry upon a puch-cart and in holding them down while somebody else hauled the cart to the court-house.

Mrs. Tower there pleaded that she had a three-month-old baby at home, and was allowed to go with a reprieve. Her husband was fined \$5.

The peddle, the cause of all the trouble, got away.

Inspector Fox subsequently consoling himself by arraigning Moses Angio, of 161 East Broadway, Charles P. Myerson, of 12 Broome street, and Anne Joseph, of 230 Broome street, each of whom was placed under \$100 bail for trial at Special Sessions charged with selling wholesale fruit.

The result of yesterday's raids was the seizure of 2,500 pounds of decayed fruit.

FORGED AND PAWNED.

Louis Langenizen Admits Defrauding His Father.

Louis Langenizen, twenty-three years old, of 45 East Thirty-eighth street, was held in \$200 bail for trial in the Harlem Police Court this morning, charged with having forged several checks, with having forged several checks, with having forged several checks.

His father, Moritz Langenizen, a tobacco manufacturer, was the complainant. He said that his son took two bank checks and made them out, one for \$5 and one for \$5, and signed his father's name to them. On the first check Louis realized \$12 and a gallon of whiskey from John Smith, of 121 Third avenue. On the second check \$350 and a bottle of brandy from John Jones, of 75 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn.

Louis is said to be a high roller, and on several occasions he is charged with having stolen his father's clothes and pawned them. His father says it has cost him nearly \$1,000 to get him out of scrapes. Louis pleaded guilty.

NOT SURE IT WAS DUMONT.

An Ex-Broker Accused of Accosting Women in the Park.

A man of apparent refinement and respectability, Henry B. Dumont, forty-nine years old, of 24 St. James place, Brooklyn, at one time a well-known Wall street broker, was arraigned this morning at Yorkville Police Court. Park Police-McGinty charged Dumont with accosting women in Central Park.

Policeman McGinty, who is assigned to special duty in the park, claims to have seen Dumont accost several women yesterday. He followed him, and says he saw him speak to a young woman.

Whatever Dumont said to the woman she resented indignantly, and Policeman McGinty, stepping up, asked her if she knew the man. She said she did not, and Dumont was thereupon arrested and taken to the East Sixty-seventh street station.

The complainant said she was Mrs. Minnie Dumont, twenty-two years old, of 124 West Twenty-first street. Dumont secured a bondsmanship in Gen. Emmons' Court, where he said, was his most intimate friend.

This morning Mrs. Webber would not swear that Dumont was the man who had accosted her, while McGinty was positive that he was.

Justice Neude gave the ex-broker the benefit of the doubt and discharged him.

LEFT THE CHILDREN TO DIE.

David Stewart's Little Ones Found Starving.

One Taken to Hospital in a Dying Condition.

David Stewart, Jr., and his sister, Mary, aged respectively five and two years old, who were found in a starving condition last night in the rooms of Patrick Blake, on the top floor of 435 East Eighteenth street, were this morning committed into the care of the Children's Society by Justice Meade, at the Yorkville Police Court. A third child, their sister Lizzie, six months old, was found wasted away to a skeleton, and is dying at Bellevue Hospital.

They are the offspring of David and Mary Stewart. He is a clerk in Good's News Agency, at Thirty-second street and Sixth avenue, but has not supported his family for months. The mother, with her three children, has been compelled to live on the charity of her mother and friends, Policeman Conroy, of the East Twenty-second street station, learned last night of the three starving children being in Blake's apartments.

He saw at a glance that the youngest child was dying from hunger. It was almost heartbroken. Blake told her husband had taken the children to the house a few hours previous. Mrs. Stewart wanted to take her children to her mother, Mrs. Rosanna Coffey, at 714 Second avenue.

She wept, and wringing her hands in anguish when told that she could not have the children any longer. She said her husband had never contributed to the support of herself and children. Until three weeks ago they had lived at 302 Seventh avenue. They were then dispossessed, and since then she and her children have been compelled to live upon the charity of friends.

On Sunday evening, driven to despair, she took the three children to Good's News Agency, where her husband was employed. She said that she found him playing cards with a number of other men. He refused to give her any money, although he knew that she and his children were suffering from hunger.

At this she told him that as long as he had money to play cards he had money to keep his children from starving, and hurried away, leaving her offspring in the care of her inhuman husband.

She said that the baby has been ill about a month, and that she had the child treated by an "Evening World" physician, and also at the De Witt Dispensary.

Stewart will be arrested.

CHARLIE WASN'T WORRYING.

Farm Hand Schroeder Ran Away from Home with Him.

Says He Was Drunk and Is Now Very Repentant.

A bright-looking little boy of seven, well-dressed and chipper, and a rather rough-looking man were found wandering near Chatham Square yesterday afternoon by an Oak street policeman, and were sent to Police Headquarters, where it was learned they corresponded with the description of two missing people from near Paterson, N. J.

The boy was Charlie Kountze, the son of a farmer at Lower Preakness, about four miles from Paterson. The man was Henry Schroeder, a farm hand employed by Charlie's father, who ran away with him Sunday.

Schroeder said that drink caused the kidnapping. He was quite intoxicated when he harnessed up a horse and buggy to drive to church Sunday morning. Charlie was with him, and when they started, Schroeder thought he would rather go to New York, so he drove to Greenwood Lake, where he sold the horse and rig for \$5. Then the two went to the nearest railroad station and took a train for New York.

They wandered about Sunday, and Schroeder had several more drinks. He would rather go to New York, so he drove to Greenwood Lake, where he sold the horse and rig for \$5. Then the two went to the nearest railroad station and took a train for New York.

They wandered about Sunday, and Schroeder had several more drinks. He would rather go to New York, so he drove to Greenwood Lake, where he sold the horse and rig for \$5. Then the two went to the nearest railroad station and took a train for New York.

HE FLED FROM HIS MOTHER.

Little Frank Rooney Creates Excitement in Court.

Mrs. Egan Has Cared for Him, but His Mother Wants Him Now.

Mrs. Belle Warner, of Chicago, whose husband, Louis Henry Warner, is said to be a wealthy druggist in that city, has begun legal proceedings in the Supreme Court here to get possession of her ten-year-old son, Frank Rooney, who is also known as Frank Warner and Frank Egan.

The boy is now in possession of Mrs. Julia Egan, of Bensonhurst, who is a wealthy woman, and it is said has made the boy one of her heirs.

In court this morning the boy created considerable excitement by screaming at the top of his lungs, running away from his mother when she attempted to carry him.

Mrs. Warner was formerly the wife of Frank Rooney, but secured a divorce from him several years ago. Recently she married Druggist Warner, and when she was in poor circumstances she placed her son in Mrs. Egan's care temporarily.

About eighteen months ago Mrs. Warner says she was in court with the law today, and when she was in poor circumstances she placed her son in Mrs. Egan's care temporarily.

About eighteen months ago Mrs. Warner says she was in court with the law today, and when she was in poor circumstances she placed her son in Mrs. Egan's care temporarily.

KILLED FOR A CENT.

Banana Peddler Tamaseo Killed in Mulberry Bend.

Francisco Colacello, the young man who was arrested on suspicion of stabbing and killing his fellow-countryman, Giuseppe Tamaseo, in a room at about 9 o'clock last night, was arraigned in the Tombs Court this morning.

Policemen Burke and O'Rourke arrested him shortly after the attack, and he was positively identified by Mrs. D. Volpe as having been the man who stabbed Tamaseo. Mrs. Volpe said that Colacello was walking unsteadily along through Mulberry street, as if he had been drinking, and she saw him with a loaded revolver in his hand, and she saw him with a loaded revolver in his hand, and she saw him with a loaded revolver in his hand.

They saw Colacello stop and a price of the bananas. Then he went on the cart. Tamaseo said something that apparently made Colacello angry, for he whipped out a knife and lunged fiercely with it at Tamaseo.

Late last night the police arrested Antonio Sabana, Tony Fartone, Tony Apparo, of 115 Mulberry, and Giovanni Tortimatturo, of 112 Mulberry street, who were eye-witnesses of the crime.

They identified Colacello as the man who killed Tamaseo.

Three Italian in the Tombs Court this morning held Colacello to await trial of the Grand Jury. The wife was sent to the House of Detention.

When a Woman Has Constant Backache.

she cannot walk or stand, her duties are heavy burden, and she is utterly miserable.

The cause is some derangement of the uterus or ovaries.

Backache is the symptom.

For Sarah Stein, who lives at Perry in Lowell, Mass.,

ferred with falling of the womb.

The best doctors failed to relieve her, and as a last resort she purchased six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Now she is well woman.

The dreadful pain in back stopped after taking second bottle. She wishes had taken it sooner, and saved both money and years of suffering. This Vegetable Compound is the one unfailing remedy for female complaints.

Backache is the symptom.

For Sarah Stein, who lives at Perry in Lowell, Mass.,

ferred with falling of the womb.

The best doctors failed to relieve her, and as a last resort she purchased six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Now she is well woman.

PEODLER'S ALLIES ARRESTED.

Tower and Wife Interfered with Fruit Inspector Fox.

The Offender He Wanted to Arrest Got Away.

Mrs. Libbie Tower, of Staten Island, and her husband, Abe, were arraigned in Essex Market Court today for interfering with the arrest of a banana vendor by Fruit Inspector Fox, of the Health Department.

Fox smelted the banana cart from afar, and following up his nose, located the decayed fruit at the corner of Division and Orchard streets. Fox had been making more than usually strenuous efforts to detect violations of the Wholesale-Food law ever since the Board of Health's pronouncement, declaring extraordinary danger to lurk in festering fruits, fish and other decaying gastronomic wares sold on the streets.

Consequently he was glad to watch one of the violators at work, and about to place his man under arrest when Mrs. Tower bade him hold back and not dare touch the "offensive" banana.

Fox vainly tried to explain matters. Mrs. Tower would be satisfied with Fox's word, and she would not let him touch the banana. Fox thereupon called Policeman McCormack to his assistance. Mrs. Tower caught hold of the policeman's arm, and when the latter shook himself free he necessarily used some violence.

Mrs. Tower began to shriek, and her husband took a hand in it and clinched with Fox, who was beginning to make off with his peddle.

The result was a pell-mell fight in which the four contestants came out with varying fortunes until the officers succeeded in landing them high and dry upon a puch-cart and in holding them down while somebody else hauled the cart to the court-house.

Mrs. Tower there pleaded that she had a three-month-old baby at home, and was allowed to go with a reprieve. Her husband was fined \$5.

The peddle, the cause of all the trouble, got away.

Inspector Fox subsequently consoling himself by arraigning Moses Angio, of 161 East Broadway, Charles P. Myerson, of 12 Broome street, and Anne Joseph, of 230 Broome street, each of whom was placed under \$100 bail for trial at Special Sessions charged with selling wholesale fruit.

The result of yesterday's raids was the seizure of 2,500 pounds of decayed fruit.

FORGED AND PAWNED.

Louis Langenizen Admits Defrauding His Father.

Louis Langenizen, twenty-three years old, of 45 East Thirty-eighth street, was held in \$200 bail for trial in the Harlem Police Court this morning, charged with having forged several checks, with having forged several checks, with having forged several checks.

His father, Moritz Langenizen, a tobacco manufacturer, was the complainant. He said that his son took two bank checks and made them out, one for \$5 and one for \$5, and signed his father's name to them. On the first check Louis realized \$12 and a gallon of whiskey from John Smith, of 121 Third avenue. On the second check \$350 and a bottle of brandy from John Jones, of 75 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn.

Louis is said to be a high roller, and on several occasions he is charged with having stolen his father's clothes and pawned them. His father says it has cost him nearly \$1,000 to get him out of scrapes. Louis pleaded guilty.

NOT SURE IT WAS DUMONT.

An Ex-Broker Accused of Accosting Women in the Park.

A man of apparent refinement and respectability, Henry B. Dumont, forty-nine years old, of 24 St. James place, Brooklyn, at one time a well-known Wall street broker, was arraigned this morning at Yorkville Police Court. Park Police-McGinty charged Dumont with accosting women in Central Park.

Policeman McGinty, who is assigned to special duty in the park, claims to have seen Dumont accost several women yesterday. He followed him, and says he saw him speak to a young woman.

Whatever Dumont said to the woman she resented indignantly, and Policeman McGinty, stepping up, asked her if she knew the man. She said she did not, and Dumont was thereupon arrested and taken to the East Sixty-seventh street station.

The complainant said she was Mrs. Minnie Dumont, twenty-two years old, of 124 West Twenty-first street. Dumont secured a bondsmanship in Gen. Emmons' Court, where he said, was his most intimate friend.

This morning Mrs. Webber would not swear that Dumont was the man who had accosted her, while McGinty was positive that he was.

Justice Neude gave the ex-broker the benefit of the doubt and discharged him.

LEFT THE CHILDREN TO DIE.

David Stewart's Little Ones Found Starving.

One Taken to Hospital in a Dying Condition.

David Stewart, Jr., and his sister, Mary, aged respectively five and two years old, who were found in a starving condition last night in the rooms of Patrick Blake, on the top floor of 435 East Eighteenth street, were this morning committed into the care of the Children's Society by Justice Meade, at the Yorkville Police Court. A third child, their sister Lizzie, six months old, was found wasted away to a skeleton, and is dying at Bellevue Hospital.

They are the offspring of David and Mary Stewart. He is a clerk in Good's News Agency, at Thirty-second street and Sixth avenue, but has not supported his family for months. The mother, with her three children, has been compelled to live on the charity of her mother and friends, Policeman Conroy, of the East Twenty-second street station, learned last night of the three starving children being in Blake's apartments.

He saw at a glance that the youngest child was dying from hunger. It was almost heartbroken. Blake told her husband had taken the children to the house a few hours previous. Mrs. Stewart wanted to take her children to her mother, Mrs. Rosanna Coffey, at 714 Second avenue.

She wept, and wringing her hands in anguish when told that she could not have the children any longer. She said her husband had never contributed to the support of herself and children. Until three weeks ago they had lived at 302 Seventh avenue. They were then dispossessed, and since then she and her children have been compelled to live upon the charity of friends.

On Sunday evening, driven to despair, she took the three children to Good's News Agency, where her husband was employed. She said that she found him playing cards with a number of other men. He refused to give her any money, although he knew that she and his children were suffering from hunger.

At this she told him that as long as he had money to play cards he had money to keep his children from starving, and hurried away, leaving her offspring in the care of her inhuman husband.

She said that the baby has been ill about a month, and that she had the child treated by an "Evening World" physician, and also at the De Witt Dispensary.

Stewart will be arrested.

CHARLIE WASN'T WORRYING.

Farm Hand Schroeder Ran Away from Home with Him.

Says He Was Drunk and Is Now Very Repentant.

A bright-looking little boy of seven, well-dressed and chipper, and a rather rough-looking man were found wandering near Chatham Square yesterday afternoon by an Oak street policeman, and were sent to Police Headquarters, where it was learned they corresponded with the description of two missing people from near Paterson, N. J.

The boy was Charlie Kountze, the son of a farmer at Lower Preakness, about four miles from Paterson. The man was Henry Schroeder, a farm hand employed by Charlie's father, who ran away with him Sunday.

Schroeder said that drink caused the kidnapping. He was quite intoxicated when he harnessed up a horse and buggy to drive to church Sunday morning. Charlie was with him, and when they started, Schroeder thought he would rather go to New York, so he drove to Greenwood Lake, where he sold the horse and rig for \$5. Then the two went to the nearest railroad station and took a train for New York.

They wandered about Sunday, and Schroeder had several more drinks. He would rather go to New York, so he drove to Greenwood Lake, where he sold the horse and rig for \$5. Then the two went to the nearest railroad station and took a train for New York.

HE FLED FROM HIS MOTHER.

Little Frank Rooney Creates Excitement in Court.